THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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VOLUME XXII. PHILADELPHIA, NOVEMBER 20, 1841. WHOLE NO. 1060.

Original Poetry.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

The Seventh Gauge of Triumph

AT THE VICTORY OF MONMOUTH.

BY EDWARD J. FORTEY.

A sound of horns rang wildly from the hills,
A burst of joy came pealing through the sky.
From the dense Heroic up—of victory
It spoke—exulting long a thousand rills,
Hastening to swell the Tribe's sweeping stream.
That still'd its breast of waters shadowed o'er
With glittering banners floating to the shore,
In the last flushes of that sun, whose gleam
Setting, reposed that seven-hill'd Rome remained,
Still queen of earthly others—still enthroned,
Hi,—streaming eagle's flight still terrified,
Bearing to Alba's towers her lauriels; there
To wave above a nation's deep devotion.
Whose dreams of progress wake in wretchedness.

Now swelling notes are rolling evenly clear,
Through the long aisles of Rome's high capitol,
Where mustered nobles, blending all the soul
Of music's anthems, chant the victory there strong.
Glory's bright chaplet wearing for the young
Intrepid warrior, home-returning now—
Victory's lightning glorious, and the sun
And bright wreathed lilies shining o'er his brow;
Hand-linked he comes—the conqueror, and
And hill, and stream nodding as he comes,
And proud eyes gazing on him, their loftiest dames
And round their fairest shrines, in that glad hour,
Before Heaven's gate! Rome's pinnacle supreme,
For victory is his, and he is Rome's.

Joy, joy to Rome!

Weave, maidens! weave a chaplet for the brow
Of youthful valor; bind your warmest smiles
They round those soft, dark ringlets treasured now,
And let each voice, through the long pillar'd aisles,
Swell'd with the song of triumph deeply come.
Strong upon valor! *joy to Rome!*

Joy, joy to Rome!

Now has her ruthless might's borrowed and flight
Rear'd'd a proud remembrance—a beam divine
Has bathed its plumage with its plainbow light.
We've seen the glowing radiance from the dome
Till earth's most distant mountain's sculptur range,
Reeding before the mortified throne of Rome!

Joy, joy to Rome!

Yonder he comes, the patriotic brave,
Whose thickens weary'd form of honor bore,
Whose arm sustained her flag, and bid it wave
Proudly triumphant o'er the Alien's foes.
Not power swell nobler, nor a heart more true.
Nor purer swell with glowing thoughts of Rome!

Joy, joy to Rome!

High o'er her serene hill'd pride is now unfurled
Her victorious banner, the bearer of her song,
And, bowering darkness from the horizon curled,
A wreath's bream of radiance light is flung
Around, and before in splendor Jove's high dome.
As if supervising, Heaven rejoiced "joy to Rome!"

Philadelphia, November, 1841.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post

The Blind Warrior.

"I—even I—I—I'm a Chartist Soldier."—*Sheridan.*

Scarcely breaks the radiant light,
O'er fleeting sea-isle and burnished shields
And hosten encamped for the fight,
And the brave allies of France
A form is marched upon the plain,
Whose proud heart still for glory pants—
Three wretch pleases are in his rear!
His bottle-eyes are deathly as the dead
On either side are firmly tied
The fierce wounds of those who led
A place of honor at his side.
It is the blind Bohemian king.
Who, shut upon the field of fame,
Would seek for hostile ne'er to fling
Now lattice are his eyes and dim,
His scattered locks are thin and white—
His brow is severed with age and care—
Yet beats his heart most noble bright,
Than many a youthful warrior there.
Now England's bonnie troops advance,
And on their wonted station,
Charge on the fated lines of France,
And all is bloodshed and carnage.
Still where the battle's raging might,
In dark and direst form remains—
There, in the thickest of the fight,
He sees those warring ranks plainer.

"I was storming o'er the battle-plain—
Should be my rising sun was red!
Crimson'd the flying and the slain,
Whose blood was deathening on the field

Mad dread and dying, side by side—
Three noble chargers quickly stood,
Three bridled bosoms together tied—
Were with their gallant rider's blood.

Who wrapped in death's embracing rest,
Lay, cold and gory on the field,
The warrior-monarch's well-known crest,
Was in the dust dishonored found.

"At the battle of Cressy the kings of Majorca and Bohemia were left dead upon the field. The fate of the latter was remarkable. He was blind; but, upon the news being communicated to hastened his person for an example, he ordered that the reins of his bridle should be tied to the saddle of the two knights, and that they should lead him into the thickest of the fight. Accordingly, he was found the next morning, with his attendants lying dead around him, and their horses still fastened together with the bridle-reins of their master."—*Hume's History of England.*

Philadelphia, 1841. R. L. I.

Original Tales.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

Mary Clinton;
Or, Trials Abroad.

BY R. S. SULLIVAN.

Among the passengers of the New York packet ship "the Eagle," who toward the close of the month of September of 1826, were landing at one of the London Docks, was a young man apparently about five and twenty, accompanied by his sister, a beautiful girl, some seven or eight years his junior. Their father, a gentleman of extensive property had, not very long previously, died in Baltimore, the city of their nativity, leaving them orphans, and, it might be said, alone in the world, for he having cast the displeasure of his family by disowning their faith, had emigrated from France to the United States, and there married a lady of no connexions with his relations. That dread disease which casts its most destructive shafts upon our country, had caused the voyage of Charles Clinton and his family to Europe, but three months after the arrival two months had been rapidly sticking into the grave from the effects of the fell contagion. The only child of the shire or of the Isle of White it had been determined he should pass that winter the bitterness of which in his own land would have brought on the miserable and irremediable departure to another life. The day of their arrival was damp and gloomy—the thick fog suspended

> "Like a curtain dropped between the Great Maker
> And his creation,"

concealing every thing from sight beyond the circle of a few yards. As the passengers were drawn into the dark, strange indeed was the effect produced by the protruding visions of the waterers issuing out of the dense atmosphere, overhanging the water on the one side, and the heavy barn of vapors innumerable propelling from the vast city whose neighborhood was only thus announced, on the other.

Our friends having kindly parted with their fellow voyagers there immediately to one of the Hotels in St. James' street, where poor Charles, wrenched to the last degree of human sufferance with the fatigue and sickness of the voyage, was soon extended on a bed, by the side of which his affectionate sister anxiously watched, whilst he sought refreshment in a few hours rest. The next morning found him visited by many fine gaining strength, and seriously alarmed, for she had never seen him so far reduced in illness before. Mary made inquiries with regard to lodgings where she could quietly nurse him until he should be sufficiently recruited to remove with safety to Upde. Comes, or some of the verdant valleys which flourish under the mild atmosphere of Devon. Upon application at the house of a widow, of whom she had been informed, she was enabled to procure rooms; thither she carefully transported her charge, and they became comfortably ensconced in chambers overlooking White Hall newly opposite the famous Horse Guards. Cheerfully did she prosecute her undertaking with the direction of one of the most reputed physicians of the place, and dispersing herself of air and exercise she sat by her patient's couch, reading to and talking with him, encouraging him with bright smiles of hope and affection, and never allowing a shade of sorrow to appear upon her brow, which whatever sadness her heart might be frequently oppressed. Hers was a sanguine temperament, and the fluttering of the disease with which she had to deal gave constant encouragement to her anticipation of her brother's rescue.

Her wishes eagerly construed the flush upon his cheek into a sign of recovery, and when one day he was able to rise and seat himself by the window to note the varying scene below, she would fondly conceive him to be so much better, that although the next day in vain he would endeavor to arise, her eyes would be completely blinded to his real state. The widow of the limited income pursued by in this manner—he being too weak to be taken from the city. An spring commenced its course, he was to be father in the country, and the change became distinctly evident to even the hopeful Mary Clinton. It was useless for her to endeavor to throw off the painful fact from her conviction. She, he was on the verge of the tomb—and he too, though he cautiously hid his feelings from

SATURDAY POST.

EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY
GEORGE R. GRAHAM & CO.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 20.

Acknowledgment.

We give our thanks to a large number of the subscribers of the Post, for the very handsome manner in which remittances have been made to us, for some time past, and for the quality of the funds, in which they have been made. We shall endeavor on our part to do justice to them in turn.

A word to those still in arrears. We shall be much obliged for a speedy settlement, as the volume is now opened, and we wish to start, unincumbered by *back balances.* Let the accounts all be settled up, and we will take a *fair start* together and see who shall first tire in the race. *We shall continue to issue a splendid paper.*

☞ Samuel Arnold, now of Smith County, Tennessee, is not now, nor has he ever been, an agent of the present proprietors of the Saturday Evening Post, consequently his receipts are not valid. We gave a similar notice in November, 1839.

☞ Mr. James R. Smith and M. Meeker, will assist our Travelling Agent, C. W. James, in Western Collections. Mr. James' office and residence, is on Harrison street, east of Broadway, Cincinnati.

☞ A. R. Harris, Esq. has been appointed Agent for the Post and Magazine, vice J. R. Tucker, Esq. resigned.

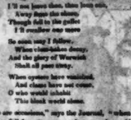
An Impostor.

The Spirit of the Press published at Cleaveland, Ohio, publishes as "an unprincipled impostor, a fellow calling himself J. G. Burwell." He came to this city, says the Press, under the pretence of being an agent for eastern publications, and has been attempting to palm himself off as an agent of ours. We have ourselves suffered so much from persons of this class, that we will in every case do what we can, to expose such attempts.

Sugar from Corn Stalks.

The introduction of the beet root into France, as a substitute for the sugar cane, posterity has pronounced among the most praiseworthy acts of Napoleon's reign. All the blood and treasure which he poured out so freely, have left less lasting benefits to his country, than the introduction of this simple root to the notice of the French agriculturalists. Instead of being wholly dependent on foreign colonies for her sugar, France has now within her borders the means of supplying herself. She asks favors from no one—she is not forced to buy at any price a foreign power may choose to ask—she is at the mercy of no enemy in time of war, for this almost necessary article.

The advantages of placing this country in a like independent position, have often struck our patriotic agriculturalists, and the cultivation of the beet has been carried on with various success in different parts of the nation. Generally, however, the result has not been attended with such success as in France. Whether our mode of cultivation is inferior to that adopted in our sister nation, or whether the beets we use are not so well adapted to the purpose as those of France, or whether the soil of [illegible]



I'll not leave thee, thou lone one,
Away from the shore,
Though full to the gullet
I'll swallow one more.

So soon may I follow,
When clam-bakes decay,
And the glory of Warwick
Shall all pass away.

When oysters have vanished,
And clams have not come,
O who would inhabit
This bleak world alone.

"There are occasions," says the Journal, "when the heart is too full for utterance;—when speech would too faintly express the feelings which swell the bosom to bursting. This was such an occasion. No man spoke; even the young ducks were silent; and no gander gabbled. Slowly and sadly they rose from their seats, and casting 'one longing, lingering look behind,' bade farewell to Warwick Neck for the season."

But while we commiserate the situation of our cotemporary, we cannot mourn "as one without hope." Next summer will bring back the clam-bakes of Warwick Neck, the fishing at Newport, the hurrah of Rowesville, and all the glory of the season. But then five long months must intervene. We wonder not at the lamentation of the Journal. Penetrated with equal sorrow the ghost of Sir Humphrey Davy, looking over our shoulder as we write, exclaims, with classical pride, rendering the last stanzas of the lament, into Latin, "Nonne amori per virtutem praestat, quam vitam miseram, sine clam-bakeibus," ducere.

Great Literary Fraud.

There is a curious history, from the pen of Mr. Elisha Burritt, the learned blacksmith, in the last number of the American Eclectic, of one of the most singular and extensive frauds of which we ever remember to have heard. It appears that the Samaritans have a version of the Pentateuch made into their own language from the original, at a very early day, some centuries before our era. In the seventeenth century great exertions were [illegible]

Reward of a Trick.

A fellow was recently shot in Georgia, under the guise of the Devil. He assumed the character to terrify and rob some neighbors, and was rewarded for his trick by a musket ball. People often play the ghost—we wonder they are not shot more frequently.

In this case, it appears that the fellow disguised himself with a club foot, went to the house of an old lady, a rich widow, called himself the devil, and frightening the family off the premises, took the old lady's money and eloped. In the act of retreating, he was met a mile or two from the house by a man with a gun, who had been to attend a muster, and was then returning home, who, too, had taken a little too much of the "critter." The man upon meeting him, retreated, levelled his gun, and demanded who comes there? "I am the Prince of Darkness, but it is not thee that I am after, Jesse Bradlock, I had but one or two subjects, and them I have despatched to the lower region." Jesse not being disposed to let his devilship pass, presented his gun and ordered him not to move. Satan commenced swelling and emitting smoke at the same time, and belching sulphur. Jesse not liking the scent of the sulphur, fired, and laid the Satanic Majesty a corpse at his feet! He then made his way to the house of the old lady, where he found the family in the greatest distress. Upon inquiry, he was told that the devil had been there, and they were compelled to fly to the woods for protection, or be carried off by him alive. Jesse informed them that he had just killed the devil.

They immediately took the road, and tracked him by the club foot until they came up with his body, when they divested him of his garments, took off the club foot, recovered the money which he had stolen, washed his face and recognized him as a young man who had lived a neighbor to them for many years.

Let this be a warning to young madcaps who would play on the fears or credulity of others. All such disguises are foolish, often injurious. More than one person has been frightened to death by a pretended apparition. The fear is foolish, we admit, but ought it to be aroused?

The Right of Search.

The right of searching vessels under American colors on the coast of Africa has lately awakened a sharp correspondence between Mr. Stevenson, our Minister at London, and Viscount Palmerston, a member of the late English Whig Ministry. The frequent complaints made recently of the officers in command of British cruisers upon the African coast, in their conduct towards American merchant vessels, demanded that some prompt action should be taken for the protection of our commerce on that coast. Mr. Stevenson readily obeyed the call, and insisted not only on prompt retribution for the unwarrantable conduct of Lt. Segram, but that such measures should be taken by the British Government to prevent the future occurrence of any such abuse. The reply of Lord Palmerston is highly satisfactory, and shows that the act of Segram was unauthorized. The Viscount assures Mr. Stevenson that Her Majesty's Government will at all times be desirous of repressing and preventing any violation of the flag of the United States by officers of the British navy, and with that view prompt and searching inquiry was directed to be made into the facts of the case referred to, and that the result of the inquiries should be communicated to Mr. Stevenson. In fact, Her Majesty had, on receiving from Lieutenant Segram an account of the transaction referred to, called upon that officer to explain more fully and particularly the grounds upon which he had considered himself justified in detaining a ship under American colors, and with papers showing her to be American property.

Mr. Stevenson has brought home with him most important despatches,—but their contents have not yet transpired. It is not known what view the tory ministry will take of the question. Certainly we ought not to suffer this right of search.

Much in Little.

A letter in the Journal of Commerce for Tuesday, contains as much news in a little space as we have seen for many a day. Judging by the style, the epistle is from the pen of a Friend—probably from Joseph Sturge. The information conveyed is respecting the Amistad [illegible]

The English Mails.

The English mails are whirled along with a velocity far surpassing that of the American mails. The whole arrangement seems superior to our own. They are carried upon nine different rail-ways, at an average price of $90 per mile. Each company is obliged by law to carry a mail whenever the Post Master General requires it, whether by day or by night. On the London and Liverpool Rail-road, over which the great mails for Ireland, Scotland and the British Provinces, as well as for the United States, are carried, the price paid per mile, Pitt's Report says, is $105,56. The time for running the distance, 210 miles, is stipulated at *twenty-three* miles the hour! These mails leave London at 8½ o'clock in the evening, and reach Liverpool next morning at half past five! running the distance in less than *ten hours!* The speed on the Baltimore Rail-road and on the route between this city and New York, compared with the despatch on the London and Liverpool road, is *behind the age!* They scarcely average *ten miles an hour.* On other routes, we admit, the velocity is greater; but could not the speed on *those routes* be conveniently increased.

British Power in Central America.

The British Crown has recently made a considerable addition to its possessions in Central America. Formal possession, it seems has been taken of the district of country known as the Musquito Coast. The N. Y. Courier says that the pretext upon which this proceeding was grounded, was that some time since the King of the Musquito Shore departed this life, and left behind him a last will and testament, in which he bequeathed to his beloved cousin, Queen Victoria of Great Britain, all his lands, tenements, and hereditaments, including, of course, the whole domain of the Musquito Shore. The illustrious legatee, it appears, has not been slow in accepting the bequest; and prompt steps having been taken to acquire seizure of the territory. A British sloop of war was sent to the Musquito Country to enforce the will of the deceased King. In pursuance of this design, San Juan, the capital, was taken possession of by a British officer, and a new King, appointed by [illegible]

New Publications.

Stanley Thorn—*by H. Cockton—with illustrations—Lea & Blanchard.*—The author of this work is already favorably known to the reading public by his "Valentine Vox, or the Adventures of a Ventriloquist," a book whose fun, blunders, and incidents, have caused universal popularity. Mr. Cockton has not the rollicking style of O'Malley, nor the fine imagination of Boz,—he cannot boast the inexhaustible humor of the one, nor the knowledge of character displayed by the other—but he has, nevertheless, many qualities of a successful novelist; and his works are eagerly sought for, we understand, by the lovers of mirth. His execution is not always equal to his conception—in other words, he is more of an artist than of a mechanist, although he is only in the second rank of the former.

Stanley Thorn is not inferior to Valentine Vox. Whoever read it will be rewarded by many a hearty laugh. In some scenes it rises above anything in Valentine Vox; and on the whole it is a pleasant, readable book.

The style in which it is illustrated deserves commendation. The engravings are from the burin of our friend Yeager, and are imbued with the very spirit of fun. One cannot look at them without laughter. We recommend the perusal of the book as a good after-dinner recreation.

The Life and Adventures of Robinson Crusoe by Daniel De Foe, with a Memoir of the Author and an Essay on his Writings—Illustrated by Granville—*New York, D. Appleton & Co.—R. H. S. George, Philada.*—Here is one of the best editions we have ever seen of that inimitable romance over which we used to pore in childhood—Robinson Crusoe. The work is got up with excellent paper, a clear type, and adorned with three hundred spirited wood cuts, printed in the text. If, in the days of our boyhood, we could have had such an edition of our favorite, with which to steal away into some solitary spot, and there devour its pages at leisure, we should have felt prouder than Croesus when gloating over his coffers.

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SATURDAY POST.

Terms of Subscription, &c.
$3 per annum—$2 if paid in advance—$2.50 if delayed six months.
Postmasters are requested to send their letters addressed to the "Post" free of taxe is not a free Sheet.
Agents will please remember that their Washington County has elected but Whig lawmakers to the Legislature, and given a majority for Stanbery.
Agents, discontinued only at the end of the current half year's subscription, and then only on receipt of the money. Short lists of arrearages are dangerous.
Small Bank Notes of solvent Banks received in payment for our bills.
Agents are earnestly solicited to make remittances, without which it is out of our power to keep seasonable current. They will please write names and town paid for.
Specimen Sheets sent free. Two Dollars current, free of postage, in advance, will be entitled to six copies.
All favorable notices of these states that Post office regard from well as to which the paper is to be addressed.

The Money Market.

The money market during the last fortnight has been or rather a reverse order. Exchange on New York remains unchanged. Banks were refused, and a general disposition appeared to be approaching. The Girard Bank held till 1861. The monetary affairs began to look as a whisper. All sorts of rumors got afloat. But, at the period of our writing, the excitement has nearly subsided, and is still subsiding. The following letter of the matter is from Bickerdt's Reporter, and strikes us as particularly impartial and just.

"The vaults of the Banks of Philadelphia, with one or two exceptions, are in any thing but an enviable condition. In order that we think if presented at any moment the amount of their way quietly, and without this constant agitation of the subject by the newspapers, they would, we think, be in a state of vast, reliable and healthy improvement. Much of their misfortune is attributable in the first place, to the assistance extended to the United States Bank, on the subject of resuming specie payments; and in the second, to the extent to which they have from time to time been compelled to assist in the loans the Bank required in the first point, they will doubtless lessen very considerably. So also with the State stocks, for which they paid $100, and which are now selling at a depreciation of from 25 to 30 per cent. In this, then, they have been unfortunate rather than guilty; and they are better entitled to the sympathy than to the censure of the community. There are other cases, however, in which some of our Banks have lost by Vicksburg, by counterfeits, and other similar evils, and by unwise loans to individual speculations. These transactions should be regarded as culpable in the highest degree, and the Boards of their Banks in place, must have contributed not the little moral evilling popular prejudice against banking institutions generally. We trust that the excitement and panic to which we have referred, will speedily subside. But if they should not, the officers of our Banks should make their boards, and submit to the community a statement before the public, calculated to restore confidence at least, to restore confidence.

Money is also known to mine per cent. on good paper—and abundant at that. Trade still continues, for the canals are not yet closed. The United States Bonds are at 31½ to 32½ discount. We annex for the week, the

Sales of Stocks.

By the Philadelphia Board of Brokers, for the week ending Thursday Noon, Dec. 1.

		Price sold for.
150	Chesapeake Bank	7½
200	do Phil. Wil. & Balt. R. R.	29⅜
127	do Mechanics Bank	21 3-4
100	do Girard Bank	4
100	do Vicksburg	1
50	do Commercial Bank	20⅜
61	do Citizens & Ambov R. R.	70⅜
50	do Farmers Insurance Co.	75
49	do Union Insurance Co.	69 1-2
50	do Schuylkill Insurance Co.	47
34	do North American Insurance Co.	42
50	do Delaware Insurance Co.	46
50	do do Insurance Co.	46
25	do do Insurance Co.	46
50	do Phila. & Trenton R. R.	60
25	do Girard Trust.	2
15	do Commercial Bank.	20
15	do Phila. & Delaware Canal Co.	14
15	do Girard Trust.	2
25	do Pennsylvania Bank.	100
50	do Phoenix Bank Mt.	2
50	do Philadelphia Bank.	25
50	do Girard Trust Co.	2
50	do Northern Bank. Ky.	74
$500	Girard Home Bank Notes.	50

Political Intelligence.

MODE OF CHOOSING REPRESENTATIVES.—The success of a candidate for political honor does not always depend upon the merit. A respectable candidate may lose by a quarter of end. A voter at the recent election in Wisconsin, where the contest was very close indeed, had his name paid, amounting to $1.50, on condition of voting for the successful candidate. He complied with the bond, and he was conducted to the polls. Just as he was about to deposit a Whig ballot, he was asked if he will give him a quarter of veal if not will vote the Whig ticket. He refused the veal, and the consequence was he duly deposited a Whig ticket in the ballot box, and in consequence deprived a Whig of a seat in the Legislature by a majority of one vote. We cannot say it was by "unbought" means."

NEWSPAPER EXECUTION.—The Yarmouth (Mass.) Register narrates the following curious proceeding which took place in the town of Barnstable, on the 3d inst.:—The names of several gentlemen had been added to the list after the last regular meeting, and it was moved that separately, before the vote was counted, the propriety of the name should be considered. It was then moved that the name should have no vote, but in order to prevent a conflict in the absence of the Moderator, the vote should not taken out alone, but the boxes were upset, and the votes all mixed together. By this time it was supposed that the electors had of course retired, but it was not so, for the contemplation a small one, and it is said did not relieve the sentiment of the town."

SLAVERY.—The Legislature of Alabama proceeded on the fifth instant to count the votes for Governor, when it was ascertained that no returns had been received from Marengo and three other counties. The votes of these counties, however, stood for Fitzpatrick 31,900 and odd; and for McClung 31,000 and odd. The Speaker declared Fitzpatrick duly and constitutionally elected Governor, 4th July, A. D. C. Clay, &c. Mr. Fitzpatrick will be sent to the U. S. Senate, in consequence of the bold hostility of his wife, should there be a vacancy in the United States Senate an election will soon take place. A. P. Bagby, formerly Chairman and opponent of Mr. Clay.

MASSACHUSETTS ELECTION.—There are 367 towns in Massachusetts. We have returns from 305. In these the vote for Governor stands: Briggs (Whig) 55,389; Boutwell 50,540, Bullwood and others 2572. Davis' plurality over Morton 4710; majority over all 1426. The Democrats have probably elected 7 Senators. There will be, it is supposed, a Whig majority of eight or ten in the House.

TENNESSEE NOMINATIONS.—Accounts from Nashville to the 6th instant, states that the Whigs had again called the Legislature together for the purpose of filling the vacancies effected some time since by Mr. Spranker Turney, in order to fix a day for the election of United States Senator, but the question being taken it was again decided in the negative—ayes 13, noes 13.

THE ALABAMA LEGISLATURE assembled on the 1st inst. The Hon. Nathaniel Terry, of Limestone was elected President of the Senate, and Hon. Nathaniel Terry, of Limestone was elected President of the Senate, and Hon. Speaker of the House. Governor Bagby's message is said to be a very able document in recommending that the financial difficulties of the State be met by direct taxation.

POLITICAL CONVENTION.—A correspondent in the St. Louis Argus proposes the holding of a National Convention of the opposition party, to be held at Cincinnati on Monday in November, 1843, for the two-fold object of nominating President and Vice President, and taking some action in relation to the resumption and specie paying of banks.

RESIGNED OR RELINQUISHED.—Bills have been reported in both Houses of the Georgia Legislature, proposing a considerable reduction in the salaries of the State officers. The salary of the Governor is to be reduced to $2000; State House clerk, $1000; Keeper $1000 and Members of the Legislature, $4 per diem.

NAPIER'S PUBLIC.—Governor Porter has appointed under the Law: George Gaine, David Boyle, John H. Frick, Miles N. Carpenter, Samuel Badger and Edward Hood, Inspectors of Elections in Public Ward of John Oakford for Southwark, and John R. Peyton for Kensington.

ANOTHER ELECTION.—Messrs. Lion Banks, of Madison, and William Smith, of Hopkinsville, have both resigned their claims to be the representative in Congress from the Hopkinsville District of Kentucky, which they have been contesting, and intend to try the race over again.

GEORGIA.—The Governor of the State of Georgia has issued his proclamation, appointing the first Monday in January next for the election of two Senators to Congress, to fill the vacancies produced by the resignations of Messrs. Mitchell and Nisbet.

OHIO ELECTION.—The Cincinnati Gazette has made compilation of the vote of Ohio at the last election, from which it appears that there were in the State 154,875, and for the Opposition 65,961—showing a Whig majority of 8311.

SPEAKER OF THE HOUSE.—Col. H. B. Wright of Luzerne, James R. Reynolds, of Venango, and Messrs. Hamilton, of Mercer, and McAdoo of the county, have been announced for the Speaker's chair in the next House of Representatives.

WILKESBURG.—Parties are nearly evenly divided in the Legislature of Wisconsin. In the House 16 Democrats and 16 Whigs.

FLORIDA ELECTION.—The Election in Florida has resulted in the election of twenty-five Democratic representatives and fifteen Whigs.

THE LEGISLATURE OF NEW JERSEY adjourned on Friday, to meet again on the 3d Monday in January.

WERE ELECTED BY ONE VOTE.—Nearly a dozen members of the Massachusetts Legislature.

MISSISSIPPI ELECTION.—The returns come in fuller from Mississippi, and the Democrats are more than two hundred votes ahead in the Governor's election. We have, by way of New Orleans, the returns for 12 counties which show the following vote for Governor:

Martin, (Whig)	6,671
Tucker, Dem.	6,996
Shattuck's majority,	1,477

Members of the Legislature elected, Whigs 4, Dems. 8
Do do do Dem. 1
In addition to the above, we have heard that Wilkinson County has elected two Whig lawmakers to the Legislature, and given a majority for Shattuck.

As for the Whigs true spirit, but there is no telling what the result will be, other counties to hear from. The deep interest in very great, and a tremendous vote appears to have been polled. The New York Herald erroneously puts the majority for the anti-bond or Democratic party had carried the State by several thousand.

RHODE ISLAND CONVENTION.—The Convention which has been in session at Providence for the framing of a Constitution for Rhode Island, adjourned on Saturday last to meet on the second Monday of February next, that being the nearest time at which neither the Courts nor the Assembly will be in session. A Committee has been appointed, of course to prepare the revision of the Convention at its future session. The suffrage is still limited.

General News.

DEATH FROM STARVATION.—The coast of New England suffered dreadfully in the storm a few weeks since. The Captain and crew of a vessel which was driven on shore on the Pilgrims first landed, are now shrouded in the deepest mourning. In the town of Truro, with but little exaggeration, almost every family has mourning. Nearly a watery grave, almost in sight of their houses, leaving twenty widows and fifty fatherless children to mourn their loss. Another of their vessels, it is supposed, is lost, which will swell the number of the dead to twenty-six, and throw the most active and enterprising of their small population into the deepest distress. The amount of property destroyed in the town, by the storm, is estimated at $100,000, which is a heavy depreciation of from 25 to 30 per cent. In this, then, they have been unfortunate rather than guilty; and they are better entitled to the sympathy than to the censure of the community. There are other cases, however, in which some of our Banks have lost by Vicksburg, by counterfeits, and other similar evils, and by unwise loans to individual speculations. These transactions should be regarded as culpable in the highest degree, and the Boards of their Banks in place, must have contributed not the little moral evilling popular prejudice against banking institutions generally. We trust that the excitement and panic to which we have referred, will speedily subside. But if they should not, the officers of our Banks should make their boards, and submit to the community a statement before the public, calculated to restore confidence at least, to restore confidence.

Money is also known to mine per cent. on good paper—and abundant at that. Trade still continues, for the canals are not yet closed. The United States Bonds are at 31½ to 32½ discount. We annex for the week, the

Sales of Stocks.

By the Philadelphia Board of Brokers, for the week ending Thursday Noon, Dec. 1.

		Price sold for.
150	do Phil. Wil. & Balt. R. R.	29⅜
200	do Mechanics Bank	21 3-4
127	do Girard Bank	4
100	do Vicksburg	1
50	do Commercial Bank	20⅜
61	do Citizens & Ambov R. R.	70⅜
50	do Farmers Insurance Co.	75
49	do Union Insurance Co.	69 1-2
50	do Schuylkill Insurance Co.	47
34	do North American Insurance Co.	42
50	do Delaware Insurance Co.	46
50	do do Insurance Co.	46
25	do do Insurance Co.	46
50	do Phila. & Trenton R. R.	60
25	do Girard Trust.	2
15	do Commercial Bank.	20
15	do Phila. & Delaware Canal Co.	14
15	do Girard Trust.	2
25	do Pennsylvania Bank.	100
50	do Phoenix Bank Mt.	2
50	do Philadelphia Bank.	25
50	do Girard Trust Co.	2
50	do Northern Bank. Ky.	74
$500	Girard Home Bank Notes.	50

MURDER AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.—On the morning of the 20th inst., the body of a man named Joseph Kelly, a pensioner casual the body of a man about 55 years of age, was found in the river Delaware, at the foot of Race street. The jury were unanimously of opinion that he had been murdered by some person or persons unknown to the assassin, that the murder must have been committed on the land, and not on the water. The deceased was a native of Ireland.

MURDER ARRESTED.—A man named Stewart, who resided, his wife in Norwich, Vermont, and Bell, was taken on Wednesday week. He had secured himself in the woods, where he lived on roots from the latter day there until he got so chilled, and being in a very low state of health, that he was advised by approach a neighbor's dwelling and cry out for help, whereupon he was taken. The following are the circumstances of the murder.

He came from his brother's, in Hanover, N. H., on Saturday night, and broke in a window on the outside of the house. Mrs. Bell was in bed in the front chamber and ran to the door, when she met him, and the latter cut at the head of the former with a sword, he himself out of the window, and he directly took the bar of the door and gave him a blow on the head, which was killing her instantly. Her body was found the next morning in the garden, about 70 rods from the house, with nothing but her night clothes about her. Great excitement was created in the village by this horrid occurrence.

PLEASANTRIES OF THE MARRIAGE STATE.—A Doctor of Jamestown, residing in Baltimore, has been most villainously treated by his wife and her mother. The mother, shortly after the Doctor and his wife arrived in Baltimore, reached their dwelling and commenced operations by handing her daughter her marriage certificate, and then proceeded to the Doctor and coolly informed him that she had come to live with him. This interference was kept up until she persuaded the husband to separate from his wife. Such treatment. While the Doctor was under arrest, the good lady, with the aid of a locksmith, entered the house of the Doctor, and furniture, and despatched them by the railroad cars to Philadelphia, leaving the Doctor to shift for himself.

MURDER IN BROOKLYN.—A man named Reese, a Frenchman, was murdered in a small tavern near the Ferry in Brooklyn, New York, was brought back on Wednesday last to his residence in Lorraine, in Dutchess county in that State, charged with the murder of his wife. He had been in the habit of beating her very frequently, and a few days since after a quarrel in which he struck her on the head, and she married a circular other matter. This interference was kept up until she persuaded the husband to separate from his wife. Such treatment. While the Doctor was under arrest, the good lady, with the aid of a locksmith, entered the house of the Doctor, and furniture, and despatched them by the railroad cars to Philadelphia, leaving the Doctor to shift for himself.

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LATER FROM TAMPICO.—We learn, says the New York American, from Capt. Venetucurre, of the brig Mary Ann, that the late fine weather which the North Mexico had declared for a change of the present Government. The Church party had determined to assist Santa Anna named as commander-in-chief. Paredes had supported Bustamente. Congress was to be dissolved, and he to name a new Governor. The cause of the people the war party was into any interest of the revolution—the whole matter being carried through by the military. Capt. Venetucurre left Tampico on the 14th inst. Letters from the city of Mexico brought intelligence that business had entirely ceased in that city.

THE RICHMOND ENQUIRER.—The Richmond Enquirer states that Mr. Stevenson has brought out intelligence from London that it was over the last boat, and Mr. Webster on Tuesday in the city of New York—and on Wednesday left for Boston. The most important correspondence which Mr. S. had had in England, took place, we understand, in a few days in England, took place, we understand, in a few days after his arrival in London. We do not know the particulars, but the correspondence was conducted in good temper, and Mr. Stevenson says he left the Minister on terms, but he cannot expected every day to arrive in London.

THE PRINCE IN JEOPARDY.—The St. Louis New Era of the 21st ult. says that Lord Lovelace on previously taken days and the Steamboat in severance and a half cold, in a very few days, the Prince de Joinville, the steamer Nemours, which grounded on the Upper Rapids, on the Prince, with his suite of 30 persons, on board. The Nemours left her arrived at 10 o'clock in the night, and was obliged to take lodgings on the bottom of the river. The passengers were all lost, and secured very desirous to learn all he could of the wants of the Prince, and the remarkable world. This is right.

DISORDERS IN TEXAS.—A man named Sanford who has a brother in jail for counterfeiting, has threatened to burn Buffalo Bayou unless he possesses a new key and iron file; which were evidently intended to be used in liberating his brother from prison. He has committed suicide in the county, but which scheme was fortunately discovered. The Hon. Mr. D. Taylor, lockmith, to whom Sanford applied for the implements just named. This circumstance, in connection with the attempt to murder the convicts in their effort to escape, ought prove fatal to the life of the wretch who has committed it.

ANOTHER FACTORY DESTROYED.—We learn from the N. Y. Tribune, that on the night of the 10th inst. the Factory of Messrs. Hall & Brothers, at Bellville, with the dye-house, warehouse, and all their contents, were entirely consumed by fire. The origin of the fire is unknown. Loss from $15,000 to $20,000. Insured $7,000, in the Mutual Safety Insurance Company, adjoining the factory. Loss of building, machinery, and grain, from $60 to $70,000. Insured $25,000. The factories and buildings contiguous were burned, and the bridge across the Passaic. This was one of the largest factories in the country and bound coat.

NAVAL COURT MARTIAL.—From the Norfolk Beacon we learn that the finding of the Court of the 20th inst. in the case of Midshipman Rodgers, charged with the dye-house, warehouse, and all their contents, were entirely consumed by fire. The origin of the fire is unknown. Loss from $15,000 to $20,000. Insured $7,000, in the Mutual Safety Insurance Company, adjoining the factory. Loss of building, machinery, and grain, from $60 to $70,000. Insured $25,000. The factories and buildings contiguous were burned, and the bridge across the Passaic. This was one of the largest factories in the country and bound coat.

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AN OFFICER ATTACKED BY A TURNKEY.—On Tuesday last Mr. Hall, Deputy Sheriff of Bucks county, was considerably bruised by a vagrant that he was about to arrest. The latter, it seems, was in the act of committing a rather severely. The vagrant afterward made his escape and went on his way. Mr. Hall pursued after the vagrant, and we obtained a squint at him on Chestnut street in this city, whereupon he arrested him, and he was taken before the Mayor, who committed him for examination.

A TRIFLING DOMESTIC.—A colored woman named MARY MADDENS, a domestic in a family residing in the eighth ward of this city, was arrested on Tuesday afternoon brought before Alderman Grayson, on a charge of having stolen one hundred and fifty cents from a pocket book, the property of her mistress. Alderman Grayson, after hearing the evidence in the case, committed the prisoner to prison for trial.

A NOVEL SLAUGHTER HOUSE.—On Friday evening, a drove of sheep were landed at the ferry at Walnut street, from Camden, and were driven up Walnut street, down amongst them, and ran over one of them. The animal was instantly killed, and the driver then proceeded the sheep into market by cutting its throat.

ENGLISH CLOTHING.—Messrs. Lowthing & Sons of Wm. J. Baker, No. 3 Carlton Square, Caldwellhill street, above Eleventh, was entered on Saturday night, and robbed of a number of overcoats and one salt spoon. The spoons were old fashioned, and made by C. Cornelius. The thief has not been arrested.

"SHOOTING STARS."—Last Saturday, the 13th, was the day on which these brilliant corruscations. Who thought a word about it?

THE CHOLERA MATCH.—This fast came off at Harlem on Monday, as announced, the Philadelphia Club being victorious.

THE SNOW.—The Snow Messengers, at our New York, on Sunday, and a slight sprinkle on this city on Monday.

Financial Record.

UNITED STATES BANK.—Several citizens have commenced actions against the defunct United States Bank, for 1839, for declaring in that year an illegal dividend. The provisions of the charter authorize the Bank to declare a dividend of the Directors of the Bank shall make any dividends which shall impair the capital stock of said bank, the directors consenting thereto, shall be liable in their individual capacities for such amount as shall be sufficient to restore the stock so divided, and each director present when such dividend was made or assented to shall be adjudged to be guilty of said offence, unless he forthwith enter his protest on the minutes of the board, and give notice thereof to the stockholders of the declaring of such dividend."

WEALTH OF GREAT BRITAIN.—A petition has lately been presented to the House of Commons by a gentleman of the present unjust and unequal mode of taxation. It is said that the aggregate amount of property in the immovable property in the kingdom, is four hundred billions of pounds sterling, and that the tax of three millions of pounds sterling, is levied on the property, and on the moveable, and the little tax on each person's property is comparatively trifling. It is urged that a tax that would extinguish three-fourths of the national debt, the petitioner prayed that Parliament would take the subject into consideration.

THE LATE WILLIAM BARCLAY, Esq. of Newtonbarry, left to the Ancient Fraternity of Free and Accepted Masons, twenty-one in number, $100,000 in trust for his grandchildren, twenty-one in number, $100,000 each. His whole estate amounted to the handsome sum of $2,000,000, most of which he had accumulated by his own industry and talents. He was formerly in the trade a surprising degree to the last, and died at the advanced age of 88.

BALTIMORE AND OHIO RAILROAD NOTES.—We learn, says the Baltimore Patriot, that the receipts upon our business upon the Washington Branch with the Franklin Bank on Tuesday morning in rail-road currency, and that the receipt of the Washington Branch for the week is and a beneficial result is favorable. The discount on our notes remains unchanged.

GEORGIA RAILROAD.—The "Western and Atlantic Railroad" of Georgia is advancing rapidly towards the Tennessee line, fifty-two miles. There has been thus far expended in its construction the sum of $2,181,282. The Chattanooga Gazette says that the Legislature of that State will probably soon direct the completion of the road to the Tennessee line.

TUNNELS OF THE SUN.—The tunnels of the Temple of the Sun, which were recently found in the ruins of Palenque in Central America, have been recently discovered. They are valued at $100,000,000!

From Mexico.

We have received from Tampico, Capt. Wilson, files of the "Boletin Oficial," published in the city of Mexico, and have made extracts from them to the 13th ult., being five days later than before received, as above.

A severe battle had been fought between the Lopez of Matamoras and those under Santa Anna, on the 5d ult. which resulted in the complete overthrow of the former.

Santa Anna, the paroled Mexican prisoner, is to be appointed President of Supreme Dictator, on the 7th, by his party.

It is stated in the "Boletin Oficial" that the new administration will be "temporarily invested with power to do good and avoid evil."

The new government will be required to consult the wishes of the people, and will be chosen by the people of the different departments, subject though to the decision of Santa Anna.

All the supreme powers established by the constitution of 1836, except that of the judges, will cease.

Considerable excitement prevailed in Vera Cruz. All were in bodily fear of Santa Anna.

It is the intension of the new dictator to open a war immediately with Texas and Yucatan. He was to organize an army to march upon those republics.

Late From Fayette.

A letter to the editor of the Alexandria Gazette, dated "Mineral Springs, (Va.) Oct. 31."

I have hastes to give you an account of a most cruel murder committed by our savage foes, on the family of one of our most respectable citizens. On Sunday night, (13th inst.) between the hours of 1 and 2 o'clock, the house of Mr. Thomas Overstreet, about 12 miles from this place, and on the west bank of the Shenandoah river, in Hamilton county, was fired on by a party of Indians, supposed to number about fifteen. Two of Mr. O. Overstreet's children were killed, and his wife and two children wounded. Two of Mr. Silas Overstreet's children were also killed, and his wife and child wounded.

Dr. Ragsdale, who was also in the house at the same time, escaped unhurt, although a ball passed through his body. He immediately fled from the house, but from the darkness of the night, was unable to proceed more than three hundred yards, where he overtook Mr. Overstreet's family. Mr. Overstreet, his lady and two wounded children fled, and made good their escape. Mrs. O. and her two children who are wounded, were sent with another family to Mineral Springs, where they arrived on Monday morning.

THE OLIO.

Variety's the spice of life,
That gives it all its flavor.

The Old Home.

The days we used to laugh, Tom,
At tales of love, and years of passion;
The books we used to quaff, Tom,
In casting all the cares in fashion;
The bustle and hale we ranged, Tom,
When both so we failed, and any we reflected
Alas! how things are changed, Tom,
How few are left of all we revered!

A few scarce hoaried years, Tom,
And you and I were chums at college,
Mid all our gay compeers, Tom,
Just starting for the goal of manhood's hope:
And now their race have run, Tom,

And some are ruined—some are risen,
And some have had their fate, Tom,
In parliament, and senate—in prison,
But you and I, of all, Tom,
Who were in this unclouded weather,
To cancer, and to hall, Tom,
In the same room and rub together,
Return, alone, our tents, Tom,
Old modern men, like mondays evening,
Tight-lined, and tighter lined, Tom!
For Fifty locks hence, and there's coming.

The cause of this changed clime, Tom!—
Why, you might just as well compare them
With those of time tonight now, Tom,
As us who were, with those who were them.
The home of Hetty made, Tom,
Oh! 'twere a spell to set a-shaking
His hurried bones and cheeks, Tom,
To name them with young Hetty's making

At, those were coats and boots, Tom,
And where shall we behold their equals?
But times have changed with men, Tom,
From make the sign, and then the sequel
Than t the climate grown, Tom,

Some ten degrees or more so colder!
Heaven 'b me and mine, Tom,
That we're better felt age, grown older!

The greater, once so strong, Tom,
Of old St. Paul's, begins to crumble.
The snows upon Mount Blanc, Tom,
No longer melt with heat and trouble
The very mountain touch, Tom.
The snow and truth—the same dark breeze,
For all may see how each, Tom,
Pins, year by year, a glacier does on.

The world, I oft suspect, Tom,
Draws near to close on me and I better
To die, when we respect, Tom,
Is almost from routine to debase!
When routinable make a poet, Tom,
A year or two, if you please, Tom,
And often not you, now, Tom.

With other influences—with pay them
The change is over all, Tom,
And Nature had been but her sage
Just such, at any hall, Tom,
The lifting off in face and figure
No golden mystery can clime, Tom,
But dances fit for low creatures
No endless—no name here, Tom,
Broadcloth is all—broadcloth and—trousers!

The luxuries of our days, Tom!—
Oh! these were years of glorious learning,
One moment of whose gone, Tom,
Made the thoroughbred's heart a-burning
We see their daughters now, Tom.
And while a pang our bosoms smothers,
We look on each young lover, Tom,
And sigh—sow nothing is poor mothers!

Out on the graybeard Time, Tom.
He makes the best turned leg grow thinner!
His purest suit are clime, Tom,
For us—the old relentless sinner!
But come down and be my, Tom,
Broadcloth is all—broadcloth and—trousers!

The luxuries of our days, Tom!—

THE LAST LETTER.—The editor of the Newberry port, (N. H. Argus, tells a story of a fellow, who, after having been drawn into the matrimonial trap with one fair one named Nabby, afterwards "took shine," to another. Thinking to rout of the flame," he emitted a new epistle, of which the following is a copy:

Dear Nabby:

"Those are to inform you as I am fast coming to my latter end with the juice epidemic—from dear dying fiend.

" Nate Bene.—I warn thee not to let you know as I am departed this life about two hours ago in great agony—your gone Rock."

POETIC GEM.—It said that the person who perpetrated the following "bit of poetry," fell asleep at the end of the last line, and has not opened his eyes since:

When weary I lie
I remember my sugar,
And when the smoke rises
I go into my system,
I think of my true love,
And that I rejoice

PAY FOR YOUR PAPER.—The advantages of paying for newspapers, and disadvantages of not paying for them, may be seen in what Mrs. Anne Royal says relative to the late Maryland election. She accomplished lady of the sprightly little Huntress says:—"So it appears the Hon. Wm. Cost Johnson has lost his election. We said he would never have any good luck, because he did not pay for his paper, Now Col. Thomas, the successful candidate for Congress, always paid up his bills a printer. Mark that heroine."

MOST ARREEABLE COMPANION.—The most agreeable of all companions is a simple, frank man, without any high pretensions to an oppressive greatness; one who loves life and understands the use of it; obliging, ready at all hours, above all, of a goodly temper, and steadfast as an anchor. For such an one we gladly exchange the greatest genius, the most brilliant wit, the profoundest thinker.

CREATURES.—Children are impossible beings for analysis. "What does Creature, Pa?" It means to unite together." "Does John unite wood when he cleaves it?" "Here, what it means to separate." "Well, Pa, does a man separate from his wife when he leaves her?" "Here, here, don't ask so many foolish questions, child."

LEARNED TAILOR.—A bachelorless tailor in St. Louis, whose business is to mend coats and repair pantaloons, has the following index to his professional pursuits painted on a sign over his door.—" Pants cut by professed knees, and Coat-sleeves easily adjusted."

FOLLOW.—A fellow by the name of Polish broke jail some time last week: he has not been seen since, but it is presumed some officers suspecting him will be obtained on the "Course of Time."

NOT GETTING DRUNK.—"Where is your father?" said an angry matron to the son of his habitual tippling domestic. "He is down stairs, sir." "Getting drunk, I suppose?" "No, sir, he isn't." "What then?" "Settling accounts, sir."

A BEAUTIFUL SENTIMENT.—There are souls which fall from heaven like flowers, but are the pure and fresh buds can open they are trodden in the dust of earth, and lie soiled and crushed under the foul feet of some brutal lout.

REMARKS THAT.—We celebrate noble examples to those we love by giving the name of others, that by shedding our tears and the hottest flowing breath we can long on their tomb, is not so fair as a first-offering of good example.

JUST THE DIFFERENCE.—"I keep an excellent table," said a landlady, departing with one of her boarders.

"That may be true, ma'am," said he, "but you put very little upon it."

ADVICE TO JOKERS.—Always save your best joke for the last, and then you may be able, as the late lamented Fun used to say, to go off, like a bomb with a clap, (oclat,) and when you have uttered it, take leave.

TAKING A PAPER.—" Why don't your father take a newspaper?" said a man to a little boy whose father bought the paper at the door step. "Cos he sends me to take it," answered the urchin.

A SCANDER.—" I understand," said a deacon to his neighbor, "that you are becoming a hard drinker." "That is a mistake," replied the neighbor, "for no man can drink coarse."

OUT AND IN.—A neighbor of ours informs us that some one entered his house the other night, and more than would be natural; some of his having gone upwards of a quarter of a mile in one night.

VERY THIN.—There is an old gentleman down town who, when he is thin, that he loses a week in his sleep! He makes a livelihood by letting out his spare time.

MARRIAGE.—In marriage, prefer the person before wealth, virtue before beauty, and the mind before the body; and you have a wife, a friend, and a companion.

SUGGESTIVE FOR AN ADVERTISEMENT.—An auctioneer ought to be by nature strong; for though only one man, he is often called upon to knock down a lot.

EXCUSE.—We may escape the censure of others when we do wrong privately; but we cannot avoid the reprimand of our own mind.

PUNISHMENT.—Sending a written challenge to a man to fight a duel, and signing yourself his "very obedient servant."

GOOD.—Why is a stick of candy like a horse? Because the more you lick it the faster it goes.

The Proposal.

By the Author of Chas. O'Malley.

The following humorous sketch is from the pen of the inimitable Dr. Lever, author of Harry Lorrequer and Chas. O'Malley. It is necessary to premise that Miss Baby Blake is a gay, gushy, lackadaisical young lover that he was—and Frederick, and that the latter innocent gentleman has, under the guise of the deepest secrecy, become somewhat intimate with the laughing beauty. O'Malley, however, dreams of nothing more than friendship, and so tells his friend Sparks, who has sometime given attention to Baby. Sparks having resolved upon persuades O'Malley to become the bearer of a proposal to Miss Baby's hand. O'Malley at once reply sets forth on his adventure.—Ens. Pure.

I ordered my horses at an early hour, and long before Sparks was out of bed I was mounted and in spyce to the light, was already on my way toward Gurtnamuck. Several miles slipped away before I well determined how I should open my negotiations; whether to speak first, in the first instance, or to madam, to whose peculiar province these secrets of the heart department belonged; or why not at once to Baby? because, after all, with her I seemed fairly to accept or to refuse. To address myself to the details of the department seemed the more formal course, and, as I was acting entirely as an envoy extraordinary, I deemed this the fitting mode of proceeding.

It was scarcely eight o'clock as I drove up to the door. Mr. Blake was standing at the open window of the breakfast-room, snuffing the fresh air of the morning. The Blakes neither was lonely engaged with the exercise of the vocation, or with any other style of morning costume, and a night-cap with a flounce like a petticoat, marking her intellectual calibre. Above stairs, more than one head en papillotes, took a hurried glance at the curtain and saw the butler of the family, in corduroys and a fur cap, was wending turnips in the back-yard. Satisfied that no such guide is forthcoming; and the sentence, as it now stands, is enveloped in doubt and difficulty. The sole meaning I can extract of some; the dark and serious composure of others; the cautious and reserved, the open and the candid, the witty, the sententious, the clever, the dull, the prudent, the reckless—in a word, every variety which the innumerable hues of character imprint upon the human face divine, are there united. Their concentrations are the slow and impatient fruits of intense observation and deep inquiry. Character, of which nothing down every lineament and feature—their change, their action, and their development—I track a thousand native traits in the current of a blood-hound, and run down a growing passion with an unrelenting instinct. Those are the qualities I have exposed to the licensed badgering and privileged questionings of a lawyer; watched, hunted, pursued, and unnerved at with all the long practiced fact of a man prone to suspicion. I have stood before the cold, forbidden, but searching eye of a prefect of police, to be compared—and so of it chiefly was myself—I thought he could detect a discrepancy in both: but I never felt so much at sea in my life! Sometimes, when glanced at by the half cautious, half prying look of a worthy father or mother, in a family where there are daughters to marry, I have felt conscious of blushing.

"You're early Charley," said Mr. Blake, with an affected nonchalance of carelessness and warmth. "You have not breakfasted, eh?"

"No, sir. I have come to claim a part of yours; and, if I mistake not, you were a little later than usual."

"Not more than a few minutes. The girls will be down presently; they're early risers, Charley; a good habit are just as easy as bad ones; and, the Lord be praised, my girls have every thing else with any other."

"I was well aware of it, sir; and, indeed, if I may be permitted to take advantage of the apropos, it was on the subject of your daughters that I wished to speak to you this morning, and which I am sorry to say has cost me a sleepless night."

Mr. Blake's look for a moment was one of triumphant satisfaction: it was but a glance, however, and suppressed the very instant after, as he said with a well-got up indifference—

"Just step with me into the study, and we're safe from all intrusion."

Now, although I have little taste or space for the description of a comfortable sporting man's study, upon the respect of what Mr. Blake dignified with that name that depends. It was a small apartment with one window, the sense of which, independent of all aid from a curtain, tempered into a dusky through the medium of cobwebs, dust, and the illtreated leaves of some wall tree without.

Three oak chairs and a small table were the only articles of furniture. Upon the latter were ranged the *deposite members* of Mr. Blake's hunting, fishing, shooting and canoeing equipments—old top boots, dingy shooting jackets, a pair of spurs, a well bloodstone, the helmet of the Galway light-horse, a saloon cap, a large coat of the mariner's cloth, with a tarpaulin index to several *instigators* marked with a crest, a white waistcoat, (an article of dress, by-the-by, much used by many associations; but not one book, save an old volume of Watty Cox's Magazine, whose pages seemed as though they had been used to singe the bristles of a boar, in lieu of a more literary leaven.

"Here we'll be quite cosey, and to ourselves," said Mr. Blake, to, placing a chair for me, he sat down himself, with the air of a man resolved to sacrifice, by address! sir! Yes, yourself. I'll become an! I'll not swerve! but—but not answer me, if you mentioned one word of Miss Baby's! Sparks never alluded to him till the last few minutes—I'll leave you to guess why! Now, sir,